

The Enterprise.

NO. 13.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

After all, the wonder seems to be that there is anything left for the policy-holders to expect.

Mr. Rockefeller's mail continues to supply proof that his money is in the mind of many people.

Russia is finding that the end of the Russo-Japanese war meant only the beginning of the end.

A sea level canal possibly might be completed in time to be called the Theodore Roosevelt Jr. canal.

As between a battleship and a new bonnet there is some doubt as to which more quickly becomes obsolete.

Emperor Nicholas' manifestoes, like the platforms of some American political parties, are not meant to stand upon.

The fight is not against the principle of life insurance, but against the life insurance grafters who have no principle.

Kaiser William says he wants "only pious and gallant soldiers." The Kaiser never had a regiment of Rough Riders.

That writer who describes Sarah Bernhardt as the "greatest living dramatic artist" had better keep out of Richard Mansfield's way.

John L. Sullivan announces that he is about to retire from the stage. Coming so soon after the death of Henry Irving, this leaves the drama rather groggy.

The Japanese, the Chinese, and even the Turks, may be pardoned if, after reading our football returns for the season, they contemplate sending us a few missionaries.

Colleges that have failed to win distinction on the bloody football field will have to be content with merely furnishing opportunities for the acquirement of a good education.

One advantage of studying the "Origin of Life," as Professor Loeb is doing this, is that the job will last forever, passing along as good as new to an endless succession of professors.

Judging by the cable reports, if the Russians had been as active in fighting the Japanese as they are in slaughtering the Jews, the war in the Far East might have had a different termination.

Mrs. Astor invited only seventy-nine guests to the dinner which she gave in honor of Prince Louis. New York's "400" must during the past few years have been making rapid headway in the race suicide business.

Mr. Hyde admits that he does not know any other company that would pay him a salary of \$75,000 a year. He probably does not know of any other company in which he ever held \$7,000,000 worth of stock and securities.

Edna Wallace Hopper has during the past few weeks been sued for breach of promise, figured as the heiress of an \$8,000,000 estate and been operated on for appendicitis. Edna has evidently decided to make a stir or bust.

Privilege is the root of all evils in politics and business. It is one of the oldest sources of wrong in the world and has wrought more ruin than all the piked mobs of the unprivileged, who blinded by poverty, ignorance and injustice, have stormed the citadels of privilege and power. All experience shows that human nature is too frail to bear the strain of privilege. The sense of might overwhelms the sense of right.

One of the tests of a philosophical soul is the reasonableness with which it sloughs off old beliefs, and sees treasured doctrines die without losing faith in the whole scheme of things. A lady recently complained against attacks on her favorite patent medicines, her favorite financiers and her favorite character in history all in the same magazine. She humorously protested that she had been thrown into a state of universal skepticism. The wise person will not lose sleep or stop going to circuses simply because the "real mermaid" turns out to be made of shoe-leather. The person who makes up his mind too resolutely never to be fooled again will miss a great deal of intellectual serenity.

The friends of vigorous outdoor sport have long been pleading for the rescue of football from the blight of unfair play which causes nine-tenths of all the physical injuries and all the demoralization of the players. "Slugging" is contrary to the rules, the hiring of outsiders to play in college and academy teams is forbidden, and various other things are condemned. Yet in spite of the rules, the conduct of many players and their trainers suggests that they deem it more important to win a game than to play fairly. The demoralization has progressed so far that college presidents have begun to protest against the practice of teaching the players how to violate the rules of the game without being found out. When matters have reached such

a pass it is time to call a halt. College and academy sports should be conducted in a sportsmanlike manner. A victory won by fraud or trickery should be made so unpopular that the man or team winning it should be forced in very shame to refuse to accept the award. The only way to bring this about is for those who believe in fair play to insist upon it at all times. If every high-minded youth who finds his associates playing unfairly should refuse to take part until the unfairness is eliminated, the reform would soon be secured. There are already encouraging signs that the high-minded students are asserting themselves. Those in a large academy in New York have set an example by deciding to play no more games with other schools. They wish other schools to discontinue the game, and thus cut off the supply of material for the colleges, and thereby force them to amend the rules radically. The idea is a good one, and is to be heartily commended. It is imperative that the young men who are to lead the nation in the future should not have their moral standards broken down while in college by the practice of the theory that anything is fair to win. One's self-respect is always too high a price to pay for victory.

You know the moral-hunting man. He likes to preach and be preached at. How often do you hear him say, with conscious pride, "I never read a book unless it is instructive and elevating. I can't waste my time on high-flown fancies." He may be a worthy citizen, a model neighbor, a good husband, but he is not the kind of man you'd like to go fishing with. And just here is where that Hall of Fame jury made the mistake which has caused a protest on both sides of the Atlantic. In the rejection of Poe and the selection of Whittier for honors in this lofty institution it would seem that moral character rather than literary genius is the essential qualification for undying fame. Granted that a man is as bad as his worst feelings. Isn't he also as great as his greatest work? What is highest literature or truest art but the clearest expression of man at his best? The beauty which man creates must first dwell in his own soul. And true goodness and greatness will sometimes thrive all the better in soil that is not too sterile of the human element. When Raphael painted his master altar-piece it was not moral enthusiasm—it was not desire to teach purity and sanctity—that inspired him to the work. He did not try to give a faithful portrait of Mary, a daughter of the house of David. He saw the flower girl on the street; the radiance of her countenance so filled his soul that he could not rest until he had perpetuated her loveliness; and as we drink in the purity of expression, the wistfulness of the far-seeing eyes, the tenderness of the whole character of the *Sistine Madonna*, do we not perceive the benign soul of the artist in his perfect conception of womanhood and motherhood? The great artist reveals two people in one—the person he paints and himself. Another of the world's great masters, Robert Burns, failed in many things, but his songs go straight to the heart. They will live as long as men live and love. And the best of him lives in them. It was much the same with Poe. His life may have been a curse to himself, his family and his friends. Yet those rare flights of genius which make him the "tall pine" in American literature reveal his higher self in lightning flashes. A man's work is the thing.

Obliging Father.



"What's all that bunch of stuff?" "Our little girl made herself sick yesterday, eating too much pudding, and I'm taking home a few of the remedies suggested by the child's two grandmothers."

Of Ancient Lineage.

Dr. Holmes says it is better to be self-made than not made at all, but, all else being equal, he would choose the man with the family portrait-gallery to the one with the 25-cent tintype.

It is truly comforting to feel that the possibility of inheritance lies on the side of good breeding, and not on that of ignorance. It was with some such sentiment that the lady quoted in the *San Francisco Chronicle* made her claim of ancestry.

"Oh, yes," she said, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—well, I don't know who, but we have been descending for centuries."

History Doesn't Relate.

"The Mikado invited 2,000 naval officers to dine with him last Friday." "Gracious, I wonder what Mrs. Mikado said when he came home and told her he had invited a crowd like that!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Fatal.

"Poor Perkins has gone broke." "Why, what did it?" "He took money matters out of his wife's hands and ran the house on business principles for two weeks."—*Judge*.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

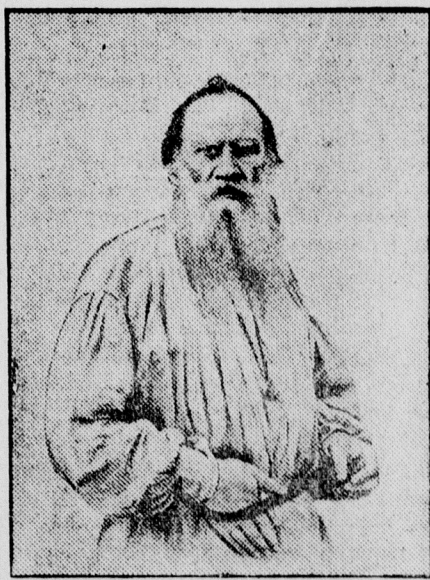
The development of irrigation brings with it a multitude of problems which increase in variety and importance as the land becomes settled and the capacity of the water supply taxed to a greater extent. Many of these problems lie at the very heart of practical irrigation. The relations between farmers under irrigation are far closer and more intimate than under the conditions of farming in the east, and the community of interest is necessarily much more in evidence. One man may ruin his neighbor's land by improper management of his water, and the continued waste of water prevents the bringing of new areas under cultivation and thus restricts settlement.

Dr. Mead's report (recently issued) calls special attention to the increasing cost of water, which the farmer must have whether the cost is great or small. During the past five years this cost has risen enormously in nearly every western State. Certain water rights in Colorado, for example, which were originally purchased for \$5 an acre now sell for \$35. Where formerly 50 cents an acre foot for water would have been regarded as a prohibitive price, farmers last year paid \$7 an acre foot. Fully \$20,000,000 was paid by irrigators last year for the water they used. In many cases, from lack of knowledge how to use the water economically, they wasted and misapplied enormous quantities, thereby injuring their crops and their land and incidentally that of their neighbors through seepage.

During the investigations of the past few years many instances of overirrigation have come under observation. With the restricted supply in many localities, the wasteful or unskillful use of water by one farmer often means that the crops of some other farmer must suffer because of it or that land must remain uncultivated. The area farmed, the yield of crops and the continued productiveness of the soil all depend on knowing how to use water aright and on the establishment of laws and regulations to compel this when men know and refuse to heed.—*Denver Field and Farm*.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

Count Tolstoi, the noted Russian, is quite optimistic. He says it is necessary to get rid of the present government. The people are tired of a rule which has hitherto rested upon force and wish it supplanted by one supported by love, good will and Christian acts. Count Tolstoi, a Russian novelist, social reformer and religious mystic, was born in 1828. He was educated at the University of Kazan and served in the Army of the Caucasus and in the Crimean war, being appointed



COUNT TOLSTOI.

ed Division Commander in May, 1855. He was in the battles of Tchernaya and Sebastopol. He retired at the end of the campaign. After the liberation of the serfs he lived on his estates, working with and relieving the peasants and also devoting himself to study. He is the author of a number of books, chiefly novels, that made him famous as a writer.

Making a Bluff.

Nell—That Miss Jones, the typewriter girl, says she was the envy of all the other young women at the seashore.

Grace—No wonder. While she was down there she got all the other girls in the office to write letters to her and she sat on the porch and blushed and smiled when she read them.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Clear Enough.

Mrs. Subbubs—Mrs. Backlotz tells me that that Mrs. Newcombe, next door to her, is exceedingly cold and unsympathetic, and—

Mr. Subbubs—Ah, that simply means that she doesn't gossip.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Common Mistake.

"Bliggins says that when he went to school he was one of the brightest boys in his class."

"Yes," answered the sporting man; "that's where so many of us fall down—getting out of our class."—*Washington Star*.

The women pay so much attention in their meetings to the evil in a man's club, and not enough to the private mail box.

It is easier for a man to stop a runaway horse than it is for him to stop a woman's tongue or a baby's tears.

WOES OF A STRANDED GIRL.

She Has a Hard Time Here, but Worse in England.

"I've found a place at last," said the pretty English girl in the dove-colored gown, according to the *New York Press*; "but you can't think what it is. Walking on the stage. Just walking on and walking off without saying a single word. Imagine it. I, who in England played 'Zaza' with great success, who was for a time with Irving, who have played leading woman again and again—walking on and off the stage without saying a word!"

"I am going to take it as a huge joke," she smiled lightly. "I am going to make the best of it. It is very hard for an English girl to make headway here in New York. Very hard. Many of my friends are without work. They can't even walk on and off."

"Never mind," said the woman to whom she was talking, "you will walk on and off so gracefully that they will give you something else to do. I will wager that in less than a week they will let you open your mouth, in another week they will let you speak. What, if in a month they should let you speak a whole sentence? Wouldn't that be lovely?"

The English girl smiled as she smoothed down the fingers of her long gray gloves.

"I do play a little something on the piano," she said.

"What greater opportunity would you have, then?" exclaimed the woman, for the girl was an exquisite pianist. "In a very little while they will let you play more."

"I can't make my own selections," she sighed. "I have to play something that belongs to the play."

"You can't tell me anything about the difficulty of breaking into a big foreign city and trying to help run it all at once," mused the woman, reminiscently. "I know all about it. I came here to New York once upon a time, not so very long ago, and did so well with my work that I said to myself: 'I will go to London and do better.' So I went down to the sea in a ship and eventually landed there."

"Talk about trying to get a place on a stage in New York! Try getting something into a London newspaper or magazine for a while. I was simply lost. There were a million newspapers and it seemed more than a million magazines, small, large and medium. The editors were polite, they accepted some of my stuff, but when they published it I couldn't find it. Each editor ran about seventeen magazines and it was the rule to publish work without the writer's name unless the name was of some consequence."

"Fortunately, I had some money left from the sale of my little Kentucky home, or I would have starved. I got so disgusted I skipped to Paris and spent my money foolishly, having a good time."

"But the stranded girls I heard of in London! Terrible. There was one across from me in an attic room in Russel square who killed herself—threw herself out the window on the spikes of an iron fence. She hadn't a sou. I am not so very generous, but if I had known of it, I certainly would have divided up with her a little anyway. That's the trouble. You don't know of it until after they have made away with themselves."

"And there were hundreds of them in those little old rooms up under the skylights in the American quarter. You know those rooms. One big room with a dozen paper partitions you can hear the sobs through. Awful little rooms," repeated the woman with a shudder. "Terrible condition of affairs. Young girls without money in that London whirlpool. Women without money. A thousand times while I was there I thanked my stars that I was not penniless, too."

"There should be some provision made by the mother country for women and girls who invade foreign cities. A committee should be appointed to meet them at the docks and find places for them. I mean the pretty, charming, cultivated girls who find it difficult to get something to do. There is a demand for servants in all countries. There is less demand for brains, culture and refinement."

"There is one man in London—Mr. Chamberlain—who is a committee and an eleemosynary institution rolled in one, so far as helping stranded American girls to get work or go home is concerned. He'll go straight to heaven when he dies for that if nothing else."

ONE OF THE '49ERS.

Old Fellow Tells of the Gold Seekers' Trials.

James A. Wainwright, of Oakland, Cal., one of the original forty-niners, who fought their way to California during the great gold rush, was in St. Louis for a short time last week. Mr. Wainwright, who is nearly 80 years old, came here from Philadelphia, where he had been visiting a grandson. He was met here by a nephew, Frank Blair, of Chicago, and the two dined at the Planters and later departed together for Oakland.

Mr. Wainwright is active and able to travel alone. He made the trip from Oakland to Philadelphia alone and returned as far as St. Louis, where his nephew met him. The two will finish the journey together.

Mr. Wainwright grew reminiscent last night when he was seen in the lobby of the Planters.

"I can tell you," he said, "it is far different traveling these days than it was fifty-six years ago. That is a long time ago and I am probably one of the few original forty-niners who has not crossed the great divide. I was living in Ohio when the gold rush came on. I was working on my father's

farm, and all the neighbors' boys had caught the fever and I suppose I caught it from them. I was only 21 years old, but boys in those days seem to me to have been much older and larger than their years.

"There were no railroads and the trip would have to be made by wagon. A large number of outfits were starting from St. Louis, and four of us boys came here. It was a far different city in those days. I can tell you, from what it is now.

"Outfits were starting for the West every day and I joined one of them. It was a strenuous trip and we had many an experience. The Indians were cutting up high jinks and we almost had to fight our way across. In one of the Indian fights one of my companions who had started on the trip with me, was injured and died a few days later. We buried him on the plains, poor fellow, and searching for his grave now would be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"California was reached after months of hard work, and then the search for gold began. We were partly successful, but after a few months of prospecting and hard work I made up my mind that I could make my fortune sooner by going into business. I had made some money and with it I started a supply store near one of the big camps. A few weeks convinced me that I had adopted the better course."

"Justice in those days was rapid and such a thing as a small technicality bringing about a stay and a new trial was not to be thought of. As is always the case, a bad element was attracted by the gold fields and this element lived by robbing the more industrious workers. Robbery was punishable by death, and the guilty man was generally discovered and paid the penalty."

"I remember one incident that was somewhat amusing and yet rather gruesome. A worthless chap by the name of Billings, located near our camp. He had a pretty wife and two children, but he was a brute pure and simple. He never did a bit of work and yet he seemed to have money enough to buy whisky, and then after getting drunk he would beat his wife. A committee of the reliable citizens of the camp took his case in hand one night and decided that it would be better if Billings was out of the way. He had been suspected of several jobs and was soon brought before the committee charged with the crime. His trial was short and he was sentenced to be hanged."

"Just before the sentence was to be carried into effect one of the committee spoke about the wife and asked how she was to get along without some support. Another man said that the only thing to do was to get her another husband. Well, Billings was hanged and the camp was rid of a bad man. Two days later Mrs. Billings was married to a thrifty miner who had always had a liking for her, and everything was as good as could be."

"Those things all happened many years ago," said Mr. Wainwright, in conclusion, "but they do not seem to be so far back to me."—*St. Louis Republic*.

Our Greatest Arsenal.

During the Civil War Rock Island was called into unexpected service. At the very outbreak of hostilities the island suggested itself as a suitable place to care for the prisoners of war, and extensive barracks were constructed, with a hospital, officers' quarters and other necessary buildings. Over 20,000 confederate prisoners were confined there.

Horace was indeed wise when he counseled to prepare for war in times of peace, but that advice was disregarded, and when, in 1898, war was declared with Spain, it found us unprepared, but the Rock Island Arsenal promptly responded to the call. The force of workmen was increased from 500 to nearly 3,000, and the necessary articles were poured out in like proportion. Even then it was 114 days before the soldiers could be made ready for action.

Had Spain been in a position to take advantage of the delay, our victory might have been less decisive.

It is not the object of the arsenal to encourage war, but to prepare for it when it becomes inevitable; in the words of Washington: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace."—*Four-Track News*.

Ocean Angling.

Every day through the spring and summer and autumn, and almost every day in winter, a boat leaves one of the East River piers bound for the deep-sea fishing banks. Every passenger on board is of that true democracy, the democracy of the rod and reel. Not death itself is more of a common leveler than the fishing rod, and who crosses the gang plank of this fishing steamboat leaves class distinction behind.

The professional man fleeing business for a day, the clerk with a holiday on his hands, the mechanic thrown into idleness by a strike, the invalid who finds the city irksome and longs for a sniff of the sea, old men, young boys and all ages and stages of mankind between, may be seen in the stream of people that dribbles along the pier while the sun is yet dodging behind the Brooklyn house-tops. The man who would go deep sea fishing must be up betimes, for it is a good three hours' run to the fishing banks. —*Four-Track News*.

Perhaps the neighbors wouldn't disapprove of it so much if, when a father licked his boy, he called it a basting.



"Are you Hungry?" "Yes, Siam." "Well, come along; I'll fiji."

Downtown—How did Binkers, the architect, become so poor? Uptown—He built a house for himself.

Dressmaker—And would you have leg-of-mutton sleeves, madam? Customer—Most certainly not. I am a vegetarian!—*Punch*.

Teacher—Can you tell me the difference between "like" and "love?" Small Boy—Yes, ma'am. I like my father and mother, but I love pie.

Conductor—Why don't you get up and give that lady a seat? Passenger—She might say, "Thank you," and I have a weak heart.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Ethel—And are you sure you love me, George? George—Sure? Ask my boss. He says if I don't stop this dreaming all day long he'll discharge me.—*Puck*.

"Yes, old man, we're fixing to go to housekeeping; what has been your experience with servant girls?" "Hush! Come over here where my wife can't hear."—*Houston Post*.

"Papa," said Ruth after her first day at school, "I don't want to go to school until I learn more, for to-day the teacher asked me ever so many things I didn't know."

Nell—Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack of the football team. Nell—What does it say? Nell—It says: "Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?"

Fond Wife—You'll think of me sometimes while you are away, dear? Fond Hubby—Not likely. Didn't the doctor say I was to go away for my health and avoid all worry?—*Scraps*.

Cholly Callow—At any rate the fortune-teller said I had the make-up of a gentleman about me. Miss Snapper—About you? Then why in the world don't you put the make-up on?—*Chicago News*.

"Wonderful thing—this eddication," said the old man. "In what way?" "In this way: John knows just enough Latin, an' Greek, an' French to know nothin' at all about makin' a livin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Haven't you ever thought of going to work?" asked the farmer's wife of Sauntering Sam. "Yes'm," replied the veteran tramp; "I thought of it once—but I was deeleeryus at de time."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Meeks—My wife called me up on the phone six times to-day. Weeks—What for? Meeks—The last five times were for the purpose of calling me down because I didn't answer the first time she called me up.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"Have you 'The Art of Making Up'?" asked the lady of the clerk in the book store. "I don't think I have, ma'am," replied the young man. "I quarreled with my wife a week ago, and I can't get her to say a word to me."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"See here!" snapped the landlord, who had responded to the tenant's hurry call for a plumber. "I thought you said the water in your cellar was two feet deep. It's only a few inches." "Well, that's as deep as my two feet," retorted the tenant, "and that's too much."

"I don't see what a man wants with two wives!" snorted Mrs. Enpeck, as she threw down a paper containing an account of the Smoot case. "I don't either," said Mr. Enpeck fervently. It must have been the way he said it that made Mrs. Enpeck so mad.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"There are great things in store for you," said the fortune-teller to the young man; "but there will be many obstacles to overcome. There is a woman continually crossing your path, a large woman with dark hair and eyes. She will dog your footsteps untiringly." "Yes—I know who that is." "Ah, you have seen her?" "Yes; she's my washwoman."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

It was the wedding day, and the unfortunate bridegroom was making his exit with the usual accompaniment of rice and old boots. He snatched his hat from a peg, seized an umbrella from the hall stand, and was going out of the door, when the bride's father called after him: "You've taken my umbrella, Henry. Bring it back at once. I've six daughters, but only one good umbrella."

"Doctor," said the patient, "I believe there's something wrong with my stomach." "Not a bit of it," replied the doctor. "God made your stomach, and He knows how to make stomachs. There's something wrong with the stuff you put into it, maybe, and with the way you stuff it in and stamp it down; but your stomach is all right." And immediately the patient discharged him.

Careful of Mother's Health.

"Harry, did you not hear your mother calling you?" "Course I did."

"Then why don't you go to her?"

"She's nervous. If I should go too quick she'd drop dead," and Harry went on with his playing as if nothing disturbed his mind.—*Albany, N. Y., Journal*.

The man who pays the bills looks terribly unlike the white-robed fairy with a wand, in the story books.

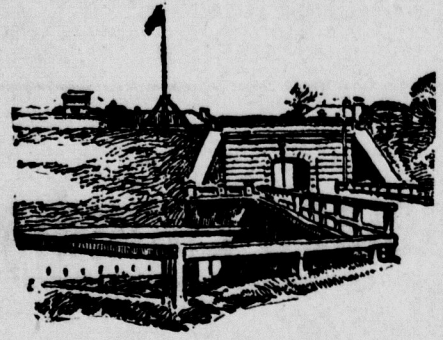
PRISON OF POLAND.

GLOOMY POLITICAL BASTILE AT WARSAW.

Citadel Once a Fortress, in Which Thousands of Polish Patriots Were Incarcerated and Where Many Grim Tragedies Were Enacted.

The political prison of Warsaw is the most hated and certainly the most dreaded spot in all Warsaw. Once a fortress, it is now a political prison, behind the walls of which many grim and terrible tragedies are enacted. How many men and women have been executed in the citadel since the present movement against the Czar's government reached Poland, nobody but the commandant and the governor of the prison will ever know.

The few who return from this prison say little about what goes on inside, for they dare not tell the truth. But their drawn faces, shattered nerves and bruised bodies speak for themselves. Little wonder that the citadel has been called the bastille of Poland; little wonder that the Pole shudders at its red walls and green ramparts. Not only is it the slaughter house of its race, but its guns, ever turned toward the city,



ENTRANCE TO CITADEL.

are ready to vomit fire at the first sign of a general rising against the Russian stranger within its gates.

Built by Russian hands but with Polish gold after the revolution of 1863, the citadel forms the apex of the triangular-shaped fortifications that stretch from the Prussian to the Austrian frontiers. It is to Poland what the fortress of SS. Peter and



IN A CELL OF THE WARSAW PRISON.

Paul in Petersburg is to Russia. Should this country ever escape from the Russian yoke it will meet the same fate as the bastille during the French revolution of 1789.

A visitor to the citadel is struck by its pleasant appearance. There are no gray walls or lowering towers. Warm, red brick pavilions, a gold-domed church, well-swept walks, and grass plots flanked by cannon balls arrayed in pyramids are the first things that meet the eye. Soldiers are being drilled, a band, unseen, but near, is playing airs from the Geisha, a gendarme, looking smart in his blue tunic and red facings, casts a glance at you as he hurries with dispatches to the commandant's quarters behind the church. The place looks like an unusually well-kept garrison in central Russia, and that is all.

How Political Suspects Disappear.
That is the way the citadel appears to the casual visitor, but it is altogether different to the Polish political suspects. When for some reason or other suspicion falls upon a person, he or she is seized by the gendarmes and the house searched. Then the prisoner is taken to the citadel and into the office of what is known as the "tenth pavilion." There he is photographed and his valuables taken from him. Men and women all receive the same treatment, as there are no female warders in the citadel. After being closely inspected by the warders, the prisoner's name, age, occupation, etc., are entered in the books, and he is conducted into a long, dimly lighted corridor, into which a number of small iron doors open. They are those of the cells. One of these doors is opened, the prisoner feels a rough push from behind, hears the clang of a door, finds himself in a narrow den, furnished

SACRIFICE OF MANY LIVES THE COST OF SEASON'S FOOTBALL.



The football season closed with a record of 21 deaths and 150 badly injured.—Indianapolis Sun.

with a bed, table and chair, and lighted by a small barred window high up in the wall.

The silence, but for the occasional tramp of sentries' feet, is as the silence of the grave; the air, damp and close, bed, hard and narrow. Worse than all are the two eyes, which, glaring through the grating in the door, watch him day and night till it seems as if they look into his very soul, reading the secrets he must use all his strength to keep.

But there are other hardships to be borne. No books, nor letters, not a cigarette, not even the friendly tick of a watch breaks the monotony of those long, unmarked hours and restless nights. His warders treat him like a dog; he spends five minutes daily outside his cell—three in a small court and two in going there and back. This life goes on sometimes for two weeks, sometimes for as many months.

Then one night, when he is sleeping uneasily in the narrow bed, the iron door is flung open and his warders tell him to get up and dress. Dazed and disheveled, he follows them

This conversation is nothing more or less than a cross examination previous to the form of a trial which is generally gone through before a political offender is sentenced. The object is to unnerve him to such a point that he makes a clean breast of it and gives information against his party. These midnight visits are repeated at long intervals, and men and women who are proof against any amount of physical suffering dread them more than anything in the tenth pavilion.

After several such examinations, alternated by dreary days in the cell, he is taken to a small room hung with mirrors and gloomy draperies. He has scarcely time to get over the shock of his altered appearance when a man, dressed in black, emerges from behind a curtain and plies him with questions. If the suspect refuses to answer, the man claps his hands, and a couple of ruffians enter with whips and beat him.

When the prisoner has undergone several examinations, he is either released for want of evidence or put through the mockery of a trial. A mockery because, though the procurator who judges him allows him legal counsel, his fate is sealed beforehand. There is no evidence for the defense, but the prisoner's counsel has the right to confer with his client—in his cell, of course, and in the presence of warders.

RELICS OF CORONATIONS.

Valuable Collection from England Loaned to Public Library.

A small collection of coronation relics, representing costumes and robes worn at different English coronations by the royalty and the principal attendants, was loaned to the public museum recently, says the Kansas City Journal. The cloth samples are the property of Hutton H. Haley and were sent to him by his grandmother, Mrs. Haley, of London, Eng., who was in touch with many of the tailors of London, and who was placed in a position to make the collection, which is probably the only one of its kind extant.

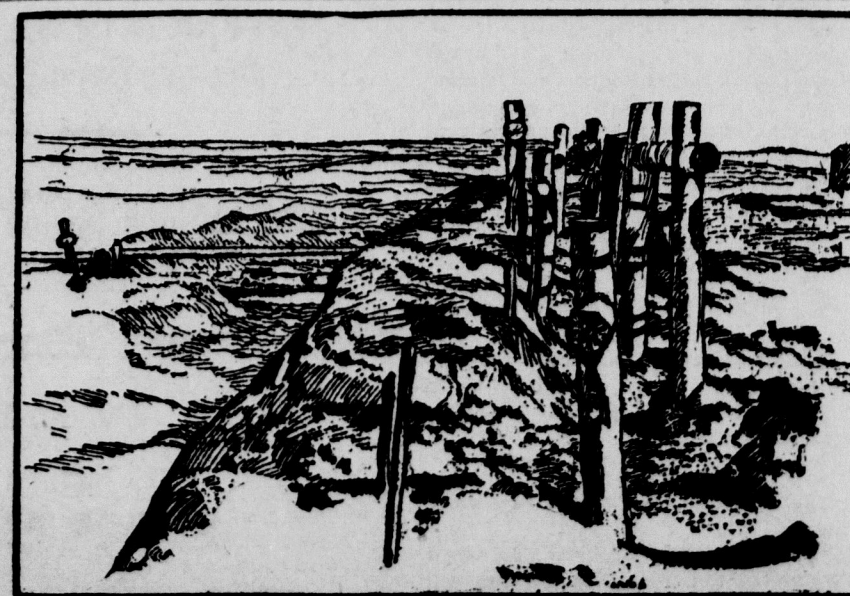
The most treasured piece of cloth is a strip taken from the coronation robe worn by James II. in 1682, refined and worn by Queen Victoria at her coronation in 1838, and later remodeled for the royal inauguration of Edward VII. in 1902. The cloth is of a rich lustrous red and was actually part of the robe until it was remodeled for Edward VII.

The collection also includes a piece of the beautiful ermine and gold-trimmed robe worn by the Princess Victoria at her father's coronation in 1902. There were sixty yards of gold braid, costing \$2,100, and forty yards of ermine of an almost equivalent value. The cloak was upon a purple background and lined with white satin.

Carmine and white samples of the official robes worn by the bishops at the coronation, white and wine-colored satin, corresponding to that in the robes worn by the Knights of the Path, and a blue and carmine combination clipped from the unfinished official garb of the Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, who was one of the central figures at King Edward's coronation, are also among the relics.

Evidence of Reckless Bravery.

She—Do you believe men are as brave now as they used to be?
He—Sure! Just see the poetry some men write now.—Yonkers Statesman.



BRUDNO CEMETERY, SHOWING GRAVES OF PRISONERS.



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

MISFIT NAMES.

WHEN the great Shakespeare was in the throes of writing his love lorn Romeo and Juliet he demanded to know "What's in a name?" and went on to some fatuous remarks that a rose by another appellation would smell just as sweet.

Now that may be all right according to the deductions of the immortal bard, but a name cuts a good sized figure in the life of an individual before he gets through using it.

It is a pity, a great pity, that so few children nowadays are named appropriately. Of course it is impossible to judge when a baby is named what kind of a man or woman it will grow up into. The name which fits to a "T" when it was first given may not suit at all in after years, and the little fairy of a girl for whom "Dotty" seemed invented will bear the name very incongruously in later years when she admits to 175 pounds weight and some. Then there is the small boy whose frontal development seems to call for such a name as Aristotle or Socrates and who, when he attains man's estate, has a hard time holding down a job behind a dry goods counter at \$6 per.

These misfit names are bad enough but they at least have some meaning, some force, and even if they do not fit exactly they have the advantage of being the names of men admired and venerated.

But it is this senseless fashion of perpetuating a family name through a son which seems to be on a perfect rampage just now that is the most absurd.

The Johns' and James' and Henrys' even the Earls' and Percys', those names so dear to a romantic mother, have given way to her family name or some way back connection of the father if it happens to be a nice sounding one.

We have James Brown and Morgan Smith, Clarke White and Atkins Black, while Montgomery Grey and Woodstock Green are given cognomens which laugh loud and long at their unpretentious following. Martin Henry or George James are not so bad, but what can a mother mean when she burdens her son with Manning O'Brien or Beauchamp O'Shaughnessy.

Every boy born into the world is entitled to a decent name, one of which he will not be ashamed, either as a schoolboy or a grownup. The old-fashioned ones ought to be good enough for any boy, and it is to be fervently hoped that this fancy of tagging a boy with a foolish name will soon die out and those of their forefathers will come in their place.

THIS THE DAY OF THE SPECIALIST.

IS your boy learning to do something useful? Is he a machine, a loafer, or is he preparing to join that great army that can do things no better than his fellows? The greatest problem in England just now is what to do with the unemployed. The other day in London a desperate man out of a job killed his four boys and himself. Thousands sleep in the parks at night and beg by day. The Salvation Army is arranging to send out-of-works to Australia and to Canada, where there is a greater opportunity for unskilled labor. And at the same time London is searching and advertising for competent employees. In many lines there are not enough skilled men to fill the jobs that are waiting.

It is a terrible lesson that should have weight on both sides of the ocean. The unskilled human is a ship without

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

When Mrs. Hiram Porter had a sign painted which bore the words, "Cotter Brook Farm," and advertised in three Boston papers for boarders, she knew most of the trials which were likely to beset her path, for before her marriage she had kept summer boarders in another town.

"Do you have the same folks year after year?" asked one of her former neighbors when Cotter Brook Farm had been in operation for five years, "or do they change so you keep having new lots?"

"It depends on what folks want," said Mrs. Porter, decidedly. "If they are satisfied with a good, plain table, comfortable beds, all outdoors and a mother's care, they keep right on coming; if they aren't, they don't."

"What do you mean by a mother's care?" asked the old neighbor, doubtfully.

"I mean just that," said Mrs. Porter, firmly. "They've all been younger folks than I, or if they're older they're kind of childish in their judgment, of course. If one of my boarders gets a cold, I put him or her straight to bed with pepper tea inside of 'em and a hot flat outside."

"If they don't like the treatment, I put it to 'em that I'm not going to have Cotter Brook Farm get the name of being unhealthy. Most generally they laugh and give in; if they don't, it's their last season."

"So with other things. Wet feet I look out for, and getting overheat on the tennis or croquet grounds. And sitting over the stove in a shut-up room I don't hold to for more than about so long. And when I see the young folks all beat out, I send 'em to bed early."

"There's another thing. When the night mail comes, sometimes there'll be a telegram or two with it. Well, I never give those out till the next morning. I should if 'twas earlier in the evening, but Jake doesn't get round till after nine o'clock. I figure it out that if the news is good it'll be all the better in the morning, and if it's bad they'll have their night's rest, anyway. I always send telegrams up with the hot water pitchers in the morning at seven o'clock. The first train doesn't go till nine, so that's time enough in any case."

"There's been one or two that have acted provoked about that, but I've dealt with them promptly, and that's been the end of it. I've never had any trouble with reasonable folks, not a mite."—Youth's Companion.

a rudder and it is only a question of time when he will go on the rocks. The unskilled man loses individuality. He represents only so much muscle, and when he works his employer knows him only by number. It is impossible that he should provide for his future or for old age. All his life his is a fight for bread, and at the end of the road stands the poorhouse.

There never was a time when it was so essential to teach the rising generation to do something well, to specialize, as now. Hard times may pinch the skilled worker. But for the man who doesn't know, who has not learned, and has only his uneducated muscle for sale, they mean tragedy. You who have sons should remember that in England while thousands are crying for bread, there is a skilled labor famine.—Kansas City World.

ON FOOD REFORMS.

THE housewife who wishes to change the dietary of her household should go about it diplomatically. The fleshpots have a firm hold on the modern Egyptians. Even the promised land of health and success cannot keep them from turning about unless you are mistress of the fine art of finesse. First of all you should learn to cook vegetable purees and soups. To cook vegetables so they will appeal to palate and eye requires no mean skill. Nothing is more unappetizing than badly cooked, water-soaked vegetables. Begin by substituting a well-made puree for the meat dish at the supper or luncheon table. Try eggs instead of meat for breakfast. Reduce the use of meat to once a day. Then once in a while have eggs or fish or vegetables as the principal dish at dinner. It is a great mistake to cram any new theory down your family's throat.

Give it to them a taste at a time, and they'll grow enthusiastic. Change all at once and you'll arouse opposition which will make change impossible.

Most people eat altogether too much meat. This induces a hankering for stimulants. A well-known student of sociological phenomena ventures the opinion that the increased use of vegetables and fruits will do more to promote temperance than all the arguments of the Prohibitionists.—Harper's Bazar.

NEIGHBORS SHOULD CALL.

HAVE made a discovery—a great many women refrain from being neighborly, which is nothing more than courteous, because of their ignorance of etiquette. They are conscious of their shortcomings, naturally sensitive and disinclined to place themselves at a disadvantage. So they keep much to themselves and only make social intercourse with those they have known long enough to lay aside formality.

In cities, friendly neighborhoods are not common. Apartment living is a foe to acquaintanceship because the dwellers in these convenient homes are a shifting population. Then we are all prone to the weakness of wanting to know something of our neighbors before we establish friendly relations with them. Really, we ought not to consider anything but the fact that they are human beings who have settled in our vicinity. We should make the first call that etiquette requires, and if we learn, later, of a reason for nipping the budding acquaintanceship, we can do it with propriety. We have performed our duty, and in justice it should be said that the nipping process is not often required.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

POLYGAMY AS IT IS.

Mormonism Finds Protection in Fact Whole Truth Cannot Be Told.

The following incident is actually a fact, though on the surface it appears almost unbelievable, says Marian Bon-sall in the Housekeeper. A certain unmarried woman was ill and was thought to be about to die. Her friends, fearing for the fate of an unmarried woman in the hereafter, went hurriedly to a man of their acquaintance, a bachelor, requesting him to be sealed to her immediately. He consented, being willing to have her for his wife in the life to come. But the unexpected happened, and the young woman was restored to health. The man to whom she had been sealed continued to live as he had done, and she lived at her home as a single woman. Some time after, the young woman married a man of her faith, and lives with him and her children to-day. In the meantime the man died to whom she had been sealed for eternity but not for time. He was a man of considerable wealth, and on the strength of the sealing, the woman, the wife for time of another man, sued for the former's property in the Utah courts—and got it.

It is impossible to grasp the full import of the whole Mormon situation. Its unwholesomeness, its repulsiveness and its general degradation are its very protection. The whole story cannot be told and insinuation seems vulgar. And what makes the situation so intricate, so almost hopeless, is that individually the mass of the Mormon people are so admirable, so sincere and so earnest. Mormon women are as womanly and as lovable as other women. They look the same, act the same and feel the same as other women. And yet the women, who constitute the only spirituality to be found in all Mormonism, have not been taken into consideration in their religion, except as they can assist in building up the glory of their husbands.

Disaster Made Auntie Talkative.

A little girl being required to write an essay of 250 words about a bicycle, wrote the following: "My auntie has a bicycle. One day she went out for a ride. When she got about a mile from home her dress caught in the chain and threw her off and broke the wheel. I guess this is about fifty words and my auntie used the other 200 words while she was carrying her bicycle home."—Kansas City Journal.

Three Knock-Out Blows.

The blow of a whale's tail is the strongest animal force in the world; the kick of a giraffe is second and the stroke of a lion's paw the third.

CASES OF CHINESE THRIFT.

Celestial Empire a Poor Field for Accident Insurance Companies.

"China would be a poor field for accident insurance companies," said a man in the tea trade. "The inhabitants would be only too glad to get hurt in order to collect their insurance."

"Up the river from Hongkong there's a little settlement of Englishmen. Just across the river is a graveyard, inhabited by a few scrub birds of the snipe family. They are very poor shooting, but your Briton must have sport of some kind, and shooting these birds is the only sport in sight."

"One day an Englishman let drive at a snipe and hit a Chinaman who had just bobbed out from behind a tombstone. The charge of shot struck the coolie in his wrist, putting his hand out of business."

"Of course, the Chinaman made a row. The Briton, wanting to do the square thing, offered to pay the damage. The coolie demanded \$10. The Englishman generously made it \$15."

"There was never any good hunting in the graveyard after that. Whenever an Englishman was seen approaching it, a Chinaman hid behind every gravestone."

"With marvelous cleverness they'd manage to get in range when the Briton fired. If one of them had the luck to get two or three birdshot in his system, he would come out, make his roars and collect."

"Of course, this drove away the snipe; but the coolies took to catching birds, tying them by the leg to gravestones and hiding themselves in holes from which they could rise and get shot at the proper moment. The Englishmen had to stop hunting. It was too expensive."

"One of the pleasant and refined Chinese tortures is crushing the ankle. There are coolies in Shanghai who keep a standing offer to submit to this torture, for the benefit of tourists, at a rate of \$5."

"I know of several cases where this offer has been accepted. The coolie submitted without a howl, and smiled when he collected the money."—Kansas City Journal.

One Advantage.

"I say," called the wag to the engineer, "a comet has one big advantage over locomotives as a motive power."

"What is that?"

"It can keep its train running on time even after it has been telescoped."—Baltimore American.

Remark heard in passing: "Now, adays you have to look out what you say." Didn't people always have to look out?

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1906.

The Congressional Insurgents failed to muster the proverbial "corporate guard."

The big future question for this beautiful and populous peninsula is the question of adequate water supply.

The water of the watershed of San Mateo county will all be needed and required for home consumption in the near future.

This young city is destined to become the industrial center on the west side of San Francisco bay. Cheap factory sites, deep water, railroad facilities and proximity to San Francisco are the powerful factors which must settle this important problem.

Joint Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico is meeting strenuous opposition in Congress. The Joint Statehood bill has been made a party and administration measure. Republican Representatives and Senators in Congress who are opposing the bill are called rebels and insurgents. Factional feeling has become extremely bitter. It is to be hoped that the contest over this measure may not imperil other and more important general legislation. Let Congress pass any bill the majority may favor. Congressional action is neither vital nor final. All Congress can do is to pass an act enabling the people of the territories to vote for or against Statehood. The action of the people alone is vital and final. Arizona and New Mexico are too big territorially for one State.

Irrigation and arid land reclamation are working out the problem. Time and the tide of events will give these territories such vast increase of wealth and population that pigmies like Rhode Island and Delaware will no longer be able to obstruct the westward march of empire. Arizona and New Mexico can well afford to wait. Better wait than make an irreparable mistake. Meantime, let Congress pass any sort of old Statehood bill it likes.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO OUT FOR PROGRESS

South San Francisco, Jan. 12.—Prominent citizens and merchants here are agitating affiliation with the State Promotion Committee. This town is growing with such rapid strides, so much capital is being invested by San Francisco people and so many enterprises calling for the employment of labor are being started that local business men feel that the time has come for an organized effort to bring the town to the notice of the rest of the State.

Building operations here are now on a scale more extensive than ever before. The new bank building is completed, the contract for the new Methodist church has been let, the planing mill for the South San Francisco Mill and Lumber Company is under way and during the last two months more than twenty substantial residences have been erected.—S. F. Call.

SUPERVISORS SELL A FRANCHISE

Chairman Coleman Makes Good as an Auctioneer.—Bids Start at \$25 and end at \$972.63.

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors on Monday bids were opened for the purchase of a franchise to operate an electric light plant at Halfmoon Bay.

The privilege was applied for by W. E. Alexander of San Francisco, whose tender was \$25.

Dr. John S. Potts of San Jose offered \$75, while Geo. C. Ross bid \$60. These bids were sealed, and after they were read W. J. McFarland of San Mateo asked the privilege of making a verbal offer. It was stated the law permitted verbal tenders for a ten per cent increase over the highest bid, and Mr. McFarland raised the amount to \$82.50. Dr. Potts followed by making it \$90.75. Mr. Alexander's attorney explained that his principal was not present, and he wanted matters laid over until he could communicate with him. This privilege was denied and he then asked that the highest bidder reimburse him to the extent of \$50, which he had paid for the advertising of the notice of sale. The Board made an order accordingly. Then Mr. Alexander was out of the contest.

Messrs. Ross, Potts and McFarland now engaged in raising each other

ten per cent until \$175 was reached, when Dr. Potts withdrew. Messrs. McFarland and Ross then got down to business. Chairman Coleman was fairly in action as the auctioneer, and as he paused for breath occasionally Supervisors DeBenedetti, MacBain and Coburn rallied to his relief. Mr. Eikerenkotter was not present, being detained by illness.

The bidders raised each other 10 per cent, at the same time accompanying their tenders with a cash deposit, until Mr. McFarland announced he was broke and would have to go out to "strike a friend." He came back with a handful of gold and the raising continued until the sum of \$972.63 was reached, being the bid of Mr. McFarland. Mr. Ross announced he would go no higher, and the franchise was awarded to Mr. McFarland.

He announced his intention of proceeding at once with the erection of a suitable plant. T. B. Potter, who had filed a map of Arletta Park, Halfmoon Bay, created something of a sensation by announcing he had made arrangements with the Ocean Shore Railway Company whereby the main Halfmoon Bay depot was to be erected in the center of the new tract. This property is situated fully three-quarters of a mile southwest of the center of the town of Halfmoon Bay, and if Mr. Potter spoke authoritatively it will mean much to the Halfmoon Bay people. Few believe, however, that Halfmoon Bay will be thus slighted. Mr. Potter wanted to borrow some road-making machinery from the Fourth District, but Supervisor DeBenedetti announced he would not only refuse to loan the implements, but if Mr. Potter proposed to deprive Halfmoon Bay of the depot he would oppose the move in every possible manner.

T. C. Van Ness Jr. announced to the Board a vacancy in the Board of Trustees of the Pond-Whitney Reclamation District, caused by the death of W. P. A. Brewer. He asked the appointment of Mr. Brewer's son, Frank Brewer, and the Board made the necessary order.

Contractor Amwig asked the Board to make a preliminary survey of the new Courthouse.

It was also announced that a committee of the Grand Jury wished to address the Board on matters connected with the new building, but they were not heard from during the day.

The Building Committee made a tour of the structure, but failed to report the result of their trip, and nothing was said with regard to the subject during the day.

A petition was received from the Howard estate for permission to lay sewer and water mains in the county road near Burlingame. The request was granted.

Max Schonwetter of San Francisco petitioned for a junk license. The Board laid the application over for the purpose of learning more as to his character.

S. Franklin petitioned for permission to transfer her liquor license from her present stand at Colma to Long Bridge on the coast side. Laid over.

Ira S. Lillick of San Francisco presented an application for a franchise to maintain a wharf at the foot of Kelley street, Halfmoon Bay.

Supervisors MacBain and Coleman advocated a delay of fifteen days in order to fully investigate the matter.

Mr. Lillick, the applicant, said should any one object they would have an opportunity to be heard and to bid for the privilege. The applicants, he said, were anxious to proceed with the work as soon as possible, and any delay would mean loss of business. He said the application was made in good faith and the promoters proposed to do as represented. The matter went over until the 5th of February.

George Eikerenkotter presented a numerous signed petition asking for the appointment of janitor of the new Courthouse. Placed on file.

Chas. N. Kirkbride, on behalf of Armand Levy, presented a map of Freitas tract of 20 acres, at Halfmoon Bay, and asked its acceptance in accordance with the usual conditions. The map was accepted.

Mr. Kirkbride also presented a map of E. A. Husing's subdivision of a portion of San Mateo City Homestead, which was accepted.

Jos. J. Bullock presented a map of Highland Park, Halfmoon Bay, on behalf of McFarland & Bartley, which was accepted.

T. B. Potter presented a map of Arletta Park, Halfmoon Bay, and the same was accepted.—Leader, San Mateo.

ROOSEVELT DEFINES "STRENUOUS."

A Texas cowboy, a rough rider, once asked President Roosevelt for his own definition of the word "strenuous." "Strenuous means," replied Mr. Roosevelt, "to do a thing; and the moment you finish doing it, do something else; and the moment you finish doing something else, then do the next thing." Applying this definition to the President's own strenuous life, the nation asked: "When Mr. Roosevelt finishes his second term at the White House, what will he do next?" The President answered this question himself at the reunion of rough riders at San Antonio last spring.

"I am coming to this glorious state of the Alamo and of San Houston," he said, "to write a history of Texas. I have long had in mind the writing of such a history, and I shall love the work of telling of the heroism and the bravery and sterling manhood that has made Texas what it is today."—Gilson Willets in Sunset Magazine for January.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system,

which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

RUSSIAN NATION HAS ABUSED LIBERALITY OF THE EMPEROR

Premier de Witte Scores Moderates for Not Aiding the Government.

St. Petersburg.—Premier de Witte made an interesting statement to a delegation headed by the Mayor of this city, which requested a relaxation of the orders of the Prefect of Police against meetings in the interest of the electoral campaign. While personally he did not sympathize with the harsh measures of Interior Minister Durnovo, he regarded them as essential. The Premier could not assume the responsibility for a course which, if it resulted in bloodshed, would make him a scapegoat. He spoke bitterly of the failure of the Moderates to give the Government support, saying that upon their shoulders largely rested the burden of compelling the Government to resort to repression. He added:

"The Emperor, in the manifesto of October 30th, at one stroke, granted the people more rights than any monarch had ever before given, but you know the attitude which Russian society assumed. The Government's appeals for confidence were rejected and every liberty granted was abused by the revolutionists. The permission to hold meetings was translated into license for street disturbances and assemblages to plot against the life of the Government and for the industrial ruin of the country. I have always been opposed to repression, but the attitude of the Moderates compelled me to adopt harsh measures. I am determined to save Russia."

Speaking of the innumerable difficulties with which the Government was confronted, the Premier frankly admitted that many of the provincial authorities continued to act independently, instancing Moscow, where, before the revolt, neither the Governor-General, the Governor nor the Prefect informed him of the conditions prevailing there. He said the Moscow revolt was more serious than people generally believed.

Cheap Rates to Bring Tourists.

Chicago.—Cheap colonist rates to California and Pacific Coast points will be instituted by the Western transcontinental lines February 15th. The St. Paul Railway is the first in the field with the announcement of a \$33 rate to the Pacific Coast. This rate will go into effect February 15th and will continue daily until April 7th, inclusive. At the same time that the coast rate is in force, the rate to Spokane, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Butte, Helena and Great Falls will be \$30. Tickets are good in tourist sleepers. "The indications point to the largest tourist rate traffic we ever have had to the Coast," said a St. Paul official. "The excellent weather enjoyed by Chicago and vicinity this winter has caused many prospective tourists to California to hold off their trips. The consequence is that reservations already are being made to take advantage of the \$33 rate. The saving in buying second-class tickets good in tourist cars is sufficient to pay the expenses of the tourist for a fortnight in California."

Many Slain in Time of Peace.

Pittsburg, Pa.—More men are killed and maimed in Allegheny county in peaceful pursuits in one year than were killed and wounded in the great battles of history. Statistics for the year just past show that there were killed and injured in the iron and steel mills and blast furnaces 9300; in other mills, shops and factories 4000 were sacrificed and either died or were maimed, while coal mines swell this figure to 4000 more. Railroad victims include an additional 400, making a grand total of 17,700 who were slaughtered or injured in one year. In addition to this number there are thousands of cases that are not reported.

Wright Will Not Return to Philippines.

Washington.—It has become definitely known that Governor-General Luke E. Wright of the Philippines never will return to his post of duty. The President is looking for a man to take Governor Wright's place. Henry Clay Ide of Vermont and James F. Smith of California, both members of the Philippine Commission, are being considered, but the President is not thoroughly satisfied with either. He wants a man of Taft's caliber, it is said.

Popular Science.

Acetylene is used for lighting over 100 towns in France. The gas is made from calcium carbide. In 1903 the consumption of the latter was 14,500 tons.

The power generated in a modern steamship in a single voyage across the Atlantic is more than enough to raise from the Nile and set in place every stone of one of the great Egyptian pyramids.

Aluminum is a difficult metal to tool, as it clogs the cutter. It also shows a tendency to split and check on bending. Some of its alloys, as that with magnesium and called "magnallum," are said to be easily workable.

A new type of submarine torpedo-boat is undergoing tests in England. The boat is only 34 feet long by 6 feet 9 inches in diameter, and can be carried on the deck of a battleship, and launched when it is desired to bring it into action. It has a speed, when submerged, of eight knots, carries two torpedo tubes, and is navigated by a crew of three men.

The government of Ontario is expected to announce shortly a definite plan of forest preservation, the ultimate outcome of which will be a forest reserve of 40,000,000 acres, yielding a yearly revenue of at least \$30,000,000. Under the proposed plan, which applies only to lands not suitable for agriculture, the timber is to be sold only as it comes to maturity, and the trees that have attained proper size must be marked by government employees before they can be cut.

One cubic foot of dry air at ordinary temperature and pressure weighs about .074 lb., or 1.18 oz. Some of the high efficiency fans throw over 336,000 cubic feet of air a minute. This means a volume equal to a cube over 59 feet on a side, and an actual weight of more than 12 tons. The weight is not striking, but the volume required to gather this, together with the friction and the heat of compression, all comprise a mechanical condensation of great significance.

Reflected solar heat is used to obtain very high temperatures in a new furnace designed by a French inventor. With it he expects to obtain a temperature of 3,500 degrees C., which is higher than that of the electric furnace. The reflector is built up of more than 6,000 mirrors arranged side by side in parallel rows, each measuring about 4x5 inches. The width at the top is 35 feet, at the base 18 feet and the depth 35 feet. With a previous and much smaller furnace, constructed on similar lines, a temperature of 2,000 degrees C. was obtained.

Geographers representing the principal nations are at work upon a map of the entire earth on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000, and Professor Penck, the German geographer, reports that 69 sheets out of 437 planned had been completed up to March last. On this map the United States will cover an area nearly 16 feet long. A distance of one mile will be represented by a space about one-sixteenth of an inch long. There are, of course, many maps of small areas on a much larger scale than this, but to represent the whole face of the known world on this scale is an undertaking of much interest.

The 50-ton steel car has now been in use about eight years and it would appear that 50 tons are the limit of capacity. This is not likely to be increased in the near future except for special purposes in a narrow territory. There are two principal reasons for this, which were pointed out by C. A. Seely in a recent address at Purdue University. The first is because the weight on the adjacent trucks of two loaded 50-ton cars, when coupled, produces a wheel load on track and bridges which is equal to that of a very heavy locomotive. The second reason is that castiron wheels have about reached their safe limit of strength in carrying 50-ton cars. It is not advisable to increase the number of wheels under a freight car, and no substitute has been developed which can be produced at a reasonable cost.

Maine's Champion Elm.

One of the champion elms of Maine stands in Hallowell. Its girth is 17 feet 10 inches and it has a spread of top, measured at right angles, or 106 feet by 111 feet. This elm has a most magnificent and symmetrical top, throwing out its branches more than 50 feet in all directions.

Down in old York they have some elms of which they are justly proud. One, known as the Grant elm, has a girth of 17 feet 8 inches and spread of top 71 feet. Another very symmetrical elm stands but a few yards from the York village postoffice, whose girth is 14 feet 10 inches, spread of top 82 feet.

Looking After the Present.

"Do you think you will live in history?" asked the somewhat sardonic friend.

"I don't know about that," answered Senator Sorghum, "but I'll live in the best hotels while I'm here."—Washington Star.

In Earnest.

The Woman—No! But I can be a sister to you.

"All right. Call your sister down and I'll propose to her at once."—Cleveland Leader.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Even the most constant readers of newspapers scarcely realize the revolution being brought about by the increasing employment of women in all industries. Within a short time, the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City found places for 4,000 girls and young women in offices, about one-third of whom replaced male clerks.

The New York Life Insurance Company, which a few years ago employed only men in its New York office, has replaced one-half of the men with women.

Managers claim that women are smarter and more trustworthy than men. It also appears that women employed are content with considerably less wages than men employees.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, of New York, employs 1,700 women in its offices and 800 men. The same thing is largely true in business offices all over the United States.

In factories, a similar change has been brought about. In many industries, men are only employed as fore-

men. Women work for lower wages and they are better adapted for light industry.

Is this process of substitution a good or bad thing for the workers themselves and for the country? If men, who generally require higher pay, because, as a rule, they have to bring up a family, are crowded out of work by women, who take lower wages, because so long as they work they remain unmarried, and because in many instances they receive free from their parents some part of their cost of living, the result would be anything but good.

It may be wondered if this is not a leading cause of so-called race suicide. The male portion of the population is less able to marry, because not earning enough to maintain a family, while women with comfortable and adequate earnings of their own have less desire to accept marriage.

In the city of Dundee, Scotland, the substitution of female for male labor has reached a climax. Dundee makes cheap goods for export, in competition with Chinese and Japanese labor. Only

the lowest wages are paid and practically only women are employed. As a result, the men of Dundee are being reduced to the position of parasites. A great many cases are found in which men who should be workers subsist upon the wages of their wives.

It may be that there is compensation for the apparent evil of this change in the greater independence given women by their wider employment, and that they, by reason of this independence, exercise more careful choice when they do marry and are able to exact a higher standard of morals and behavior in men.

Whatever we may think about it, it is certain that the employment of women increases at a tremendous rate. In this, as in other tendencies of our civilization, no reversal is to be looked for. The revolution must be accepted and mankind must find some way to benefit by the change.

But look at the number of advertisements in the papers by men who want situations and ask yourself what can be done with the superfluous male.—Indianapolis Sun.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

When you hear of good in people—tell it;

When you hear a tale of evil—quell it. Let the goodness have the light, Put the evil out of sight. Make the world we live in bright, Like the heaven above.

You must have a work to do—pursue it. If a failure, try again—renew it. Failure spurs us to success, Failures come, but come to bless, Fitting us for righteousness. In the heaven above.

—John Sterling.

ONE FIFTEENTH.

LOOK here, Grace, when am I to see that famous chum of yours?" "Famous?" O, she isn't that, Fred! She's just sweet and lovely and dear and well!"

"Well, well; I'm not particular. That's enough for me. Where is she, anyhow?" Fred Liddon was calling on his favorite cousin, Grace Sherwin, who was a member of the senior class. Her room was that of a typical college girl. The walls were adorned with knickknacks of all sorts, including both Harvard and Yale banners.

"I don't see what you want that blue thing up there for," continued Liddon (Harvard, '00), sauntering idly about the room and pausing before a silk flag, with a large Y on a blue ground. "I know, it's for Arthur Stapleton—a Yale man!"

Grace laughed. "Celia put that up. I didn't. He was rather attentive to her at their last senior prom."

"What does she look like?" "O, her picture's there on my desk. You can see for yourself."

Fred glanced over the half dozen pretty faces that adorned the girl's desk. Suddenly he paused and abruptly picked up one of the photographs.

"This must be Miss Colburn. Well, she is a darling, that's a fact."

"You wouldn't dare tell her that to her face?"

"Wouldn't I? Just tell me where and when I can meet her."

Grace glanced up at the photograph he held in his hand. She opened her lips to say something hastily—then closed them tightly again and turned away to stifle a laugh.

"She—she'll be at the reception next Wednesday evening. I'm sorry she's out to-day. Won't you come, Fred?"

"Indeed I will. What a bewitching face the girl has! A sort of dreamy, poetical look about the eyes—hair tossed up anyway—but it's that little lock that hangs down on her forehead that—confound that Yale man!"

Fred had recently begun the practice of law, and he had a hard point to study up that "next Wednesday evening," but he was on hand at the college reception, notwithstanding. As he left the dressing room and stood for a moment in the hall, immaculate

in his evening suit, he heard a merry peal of girlish laughter from an adjoining room. Immediately afterward a door opened and his cousin peeped out.

"Oh, Fred, I'm so glad you've come!" said she, closing the door behind her quickly. "I was afraid some horrid law case would keep you."

Fred looked her over reprovingly. "You're stunning, dear, in that white dress," said he. "Yes, I ought to have stayed at home—I may lose my first case by coming out here. But you see I wanted to meet you—that is, of course—"

"How very polite!" laughed Grace, teasingly. "You never thought of your 'stunning' cousin, sir—confess it! but you wanted to make the acquaintance of Miss Celia Colburn, the 'darling'!"

"Oh, say, Grace, you didn't repeat that to her, did you?"

"Of course I didn't! Poor fellow, don't blush so! I don't mind your wanting to see her—you can see me any time, you know."

"Well," said Fred, sidgling at his collar and cuffs, "is she here?"

"She is right in that room. Just let



GRACE GLANCED UP.

me run in and prepare her for the honor, and then I'll take you in."

"Oh, say—" began Fred again; but his saucy cousin had already whisked into the room, and from behind the closed door he caught a sound which was suspiciously like stifled laughter. He began to feel awkward and wise himself well out of it. Then he grew vexed, and that did him good. When Grace came for him a moment later he was his cool, imperturbable self once more.

"Allow me," said his cousin, throwing open the door, as he stepped forward, "to present you to—the original of the photograph!"

Fred halted on the threshold in something very like dismay. There stood, in a semi-circle, no less than fourteen girls, in various stages of merriment, but each apparently striving to attain the conventional amount of demureness on the occasion of a formal presentation.

"What—what do you mean?" he stammered, gazing hopelessly at Grace. "It is a composite," she shrieked, in a perfect gale of laughter. "It's a photograph of our Phi Delta society.

Girls, attention! Once more, Mr. Liddon, let me present you—"

Fred with a mighty effort recovered himself and made a sweeping bow.

"Happy to meet you!" he exclaimed, resolved to make the best of the joke. The fifteen courtesies as one girl. It was plain that they had practiced. Fred knew he would be the hero of a good college story through many classes to come.

"This likeness was an excellent one," he declared with a laugh. "I recognize the dreamy eye, the artistically careless hair, the—Grace, may I beg the honor of a special and individual introduction to the—the fifteenth of your society, who stands on your extreme right, and who, unless I am mistaken, was the final fraction to be photographed in the composite picture?"

Grace clapped her hands. "You know her!" she exclaimed, as she performed the ceremony willingly enough. "You must have seen Celia before to-day!"

"No," laughed Fred, contentedly, as he led his blushing partner into the corridor. "It is a scientific fact that the last impression is the strongest, and the picture is far more like you, Miss Colburn, than any of your classmates. Besides, I recognize the stray lock of hair!"—Housekeeper.

Life in an Arab Home.

At last we were to be admitted to the home life of an Arab. Doffing our slippers, we were ushered through the low, dark doorway into a little court with a room on either side. The wife was seated on the ground in a most picturesque costume of dark colors, without a veil, preparing the evening meal. Hanging on the mud walls were various pans and cooking utensils, some of which were brooking others. On the floor was a brass mortar and pestle used for pulverizing the coffee. Over the first was a large earthenware dish in which a flat cake was being cooked. Both husband and wife were so grateful to the great magician who had cured their son that all conventionalities were discarded and we all sat in family and enjoyed delicious coffee.

After dinner the whole party indulged in cigarettes and more coffee. The wife was really pretty and had more expression than most of the women of the desert, especially when she gazed at her son and heir with a mother love ennobling her dark but handsome features. Had it been a daughter, all would have been different, for they are an unwelcome increase in the family, neglected and ill treated until they are sold in marriage, a condition still worse unless they bear male children. The woman is the best of burdens, the drudge and the general utility slave as well as the banker for the lordly husband, who could not be degraded by such a thing as labor.—Scribner's.

If a woman pulls her husband's hair, yanks him around by the neck, and beats him every day before breakfast, there are still those among her kin who will say she is a "worm."

COURTSHIP IN WIGWAM.

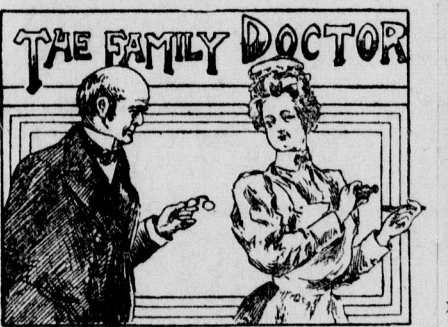
How the Canadian Indian Woes His Sweetheart.

As there are no cozy corners in a wigwam, it is the Saulteaux custom for a maiden to converse with her suitor under cover of a blanket, which screens the young lovers from the gaze of the other occupants of the lodge. But old Noo-koom, The Knowing One, was well able to judge from the general contour of the blanket just how the courtship was progressing. Early in the evening the blanket always hung in a dignified way, as though draped over two posts set a little apart. Later, however, the posts often lost their balance and swayed about in such a manner as to come dangerously near collision; and, if Noo-koom did not cough or poke the fire, the blanket would sometimes show that one support had given way. One night, when Noo-koom woke up from a nap, she found that both the supports of the blanket were in immediate danger of collapsing. Seizing the hindquarters of a frozen fox by the ankles, she leaped up and belabored the blanket so severely that it lost no time in recovering its proper form.

In a few days Noo-koom became convinced that the lovers had "sat under the blanket"—or been engaged—long enough. Now they must "sit together upon the brush"—or be married. Accordingly, she talked the matter over with Standing Wolf and his wife, Ko-ko-kay. They agreed with the old woman. Ko-ko-kay called Mi-na-ce in and told her that At-tick was a good boy, that he would certainly make a good hunter, and that, if she would "sit upon the brush with him," they would give her plenty of marrow grease for her hair and some porcupine quills for her moccasins. They might even buy her some ribbon, beads and silk thread for fancy work. Furthermore, her father would help At-tick to secure enough moose skins to make a lodge covering. Mi-na-ce chewed meditatively upon the large piece of spruce gum in her mouth while she listened with averted eyes and drooping head. Noo-koom, supposing the child to be in doubt, interposed.

"You must sit upon the brush with him, because I have promised that you would. Did we not eat the fat and the blood, and use the firewood he left at our door?"

The remembrance of all that dainty eating decided the child, and she gave her word that she would sit upon the brush with At-tick, if they would promise to buy her a bottle of perfume when the "fur runners" came from Fort Determination. —Metropolitan Magazine.



Carelessness in Handling Medicines.

Patients have frequently placed a bottle of medicine to their lips and taken a draught of its contents in a dark room, under the impression that there was "only one bottle upon that shelf," when in reality some other member of the family had placed other bottles there. In other instances a wife rising in the night to give some medicine to her husband or child has picked up the wrong bottle in the dim light and administered a fatal dose.

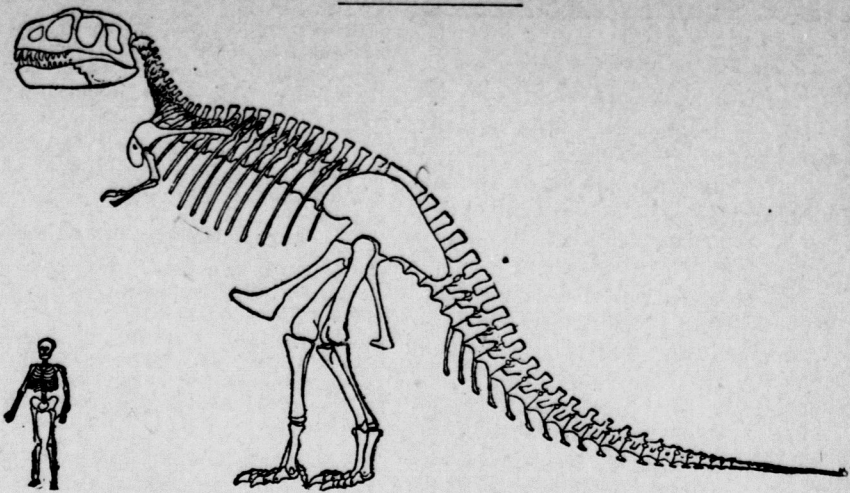
Pneumonia.—The prevalence with which this most deadly virulent bacterial disease shall attain, will depend chiefly upon the kind of care people take of themselves. Those who strive to keep in good general health need have little fear of it. Drunkenness is foremost among the habits of mankind that aid in the propagation of pneumonia. Over-eating is another form of intemperance which makes people fall its easy victims. Failure to bathe frequently and breathing through the mouth increases the liability of contracting the disease. Overheated houses are the cause of many cases. If the rule were generally adopted of never letting the temperature of the house or office exceed 70 degrees much less pneumonia would result.

Smallpox.—This loathsome disease often makes its appearance with cold weather. The following is said to be a cure: One grain solid extract of digitalis, one grain sulphate of zinc, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, four ounces of water. Dissolve the digitalis and the zinc separately, then compound the prescription. It is of the utmost importance that the solid extract of digitalis be used. Some druggists say there is no such thing and use the liquid, but this is valueless. The liquid does not produce the results. The dose is one teaspoonful every hour for twelve consecutive hours, for adults; for a child under ten one-half teaspoonful hourly for twelve hours and for an infant ten drops every hour for the twelve hours. The face may be bathed with it thus preventing scars. The digitalis kills the germ of the disease and the zinc purifies the blood. The preparation must be taken with care, as it is very powerful.

Sling Him Up.

"So she is going to marry the count, eh? How much is he worth?" "I don't know, but I'll bet he isn't worth half what she is paying for him."—Houston Post.

BONES OF KING OF BEASTS.



SKELETONS OF TYRANNOSAURUS REX AND MAN.

Out of the rocks in northern Montana scientists have dug the skeleton of the real King of Beasts. An expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History in New York has reported the resurrection of the largest flesh-eating land animal thus far known to the world. This constitutes one of the most remarkable finds in the recent history of paleontology. The curator of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology of this museum, Professor Henry F. Osborn, under whose direction the expedition was sent out, has conferred upon this newly discovered monster the title "Tyrannosaurus Rex." In plain English this means the "Tyrant King Saurian," or the King of Tyrant Saurians. The remains of this denizen of the past are being shipped to New York in a number of carefully made boxes, some of the boxes weighing over two tons. Every bone will be placed in its proper place in the skeleton, missing bones will be modeled out of plaster of paris, and in a few months the completed skeleton will be placed on exhibition in the halls of the museum, where visitors may come and see what this king of beasts a few million years ago was like. Enough parts of this animal have been found to make it possible to estimate quite exactly what his size was. From the end of his tail to the front of his nose he probably measured about thirty-nine feet. A drawing showing the comparative sizes of the Tyrannosaurus Rex and the human skeleton has been placed on exhibition in the museum. The difference is shown to be about like that between an ostrich and an ordinary barnyard hen.

Mr. Tyrannosaurus was large and strong enough to attack the great three-horned Triceratops, one of the most interesting of the Dinosaur family, a fine skeleton of which has recently been set up in the National Museum at Washington. This animal had a skull which projected upward over the neck like a fireman's helmet, and over each eye there was a massive horn directed forward, a third, but much smaller horn being generally just over the nose. He was about twice the size of an elephant, being upward of twenty-five feet in height. He weighed about ten tons. In the opinion of Professor Osborn and his fellow scientists in the American Museum of Natural History, this gigantic three-horned beast was the prey of the Tyrannosaurus Rex. Scientists will look forward to a study of the character of this newly found monster with the greatest curiosity.

Little Lessons in Patriotism.

Edward Rutledge was the youngest of the famous Rutledge family of South Carolina and the brother of that John Rutledge who was the boldest of revolutionists and pronounced by Patrick Henry the greatest orator at the first continental congress.



EDWARD RUTLEDGE

Edward Rutledge had been a student of law in the Temple in London, returning to America at the time when the opposition to the methods of the British government was just becoming formulated. He at once became one of the warmest advocates of armed resistance to oppression. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and one of its warmest advocates.

In September, 1776, he was appointed one of a board, with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, to treat with Lord Howe in reference to the admiral's proposals for a reconciliation of the colonies and the mother country. They refused to treat, however, except on a basis of American independence and the negotiations fell through.

After the investiture of Charleston Rutledge was captured and imprisoned in St. Augustine for a year. He was always an uncompromising opponent of the Tories and they were glad enough to have him in their power. But Rutledge's loyalty never faltered. He was, after the war, chiefly distinguished for his opposition to the slave trade.

WHITMAN MEMORIAL.

Tablet Recently Erected to "the Good Gray Poet."

At West Hills, in the township of Huntington, L. I., a tablet has recently been erected at the birthplace of



THE MEMORIAL.

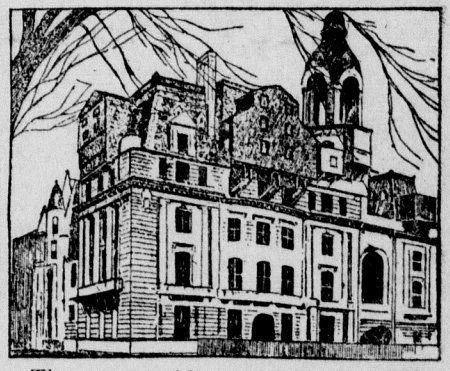
Walt Whitman by the Colonial Society of Huntington. It was first proposed to place a tablet on the old homestead where the poet was born and spent his early boyhood days, but this was objected to by the present owner of the property because it was thought it would draw many curiosity seekers and cause annoyance.

The memorial has been placed in the highway a few feet from the fence line between the roadbed and the old house. A big boulder has been prepared by dressing down one side and to this has been fastened a marble slab, into which the lettering has been deeply cut, the whole making a very appropriate memorial.

All about Whitman's birthplace the

country is extremely picturesque, and the freedom of the life here experienced undoubtedly had a strong influence in shaping the poet's career. In 1836 and 1837 Whitman revisited the vicinity of his birthplace and taught the village school in the neighboring hamlet of Woodbury. The schoolhouse where he taught is still standing and, while it has outlived its usefulness, the people of Woodbury have preserved it as a relic, and have erected an up-to-date building for present-day requirements.

SENATOR CLARK'S BIG NEW YORK RESIDENCE.



The new residence of Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, in New York City is one of the largest private homes in America, and, although it represents an immense outlay, it cannot be called a dignified piece of architecture. The Senator is reputed to have an income of about \$1,000,000 a month, and he cannot claim that the unfavorable effect is due to financial stringency. The interior, however, is admitted to be exceedingly beautiful, and the Senator has spared no effort to make it the most unique and interesting in Gotham.

How Fog Strains the Eyes.

Many of the officers of steamships running in this port are afflicted with a new disease, which for want of a better name some of them call the "fog eye." It is an inflammation caused by peering into the fog, and while painful it soon passes away.

Captain Higgins and the officers of the United States Fruit Company's passenger and mail steamer Admiral Sampson, which arrived at Long Wharf this morning after a good run from Jamaican ports, were among those whose eyes were affected by the fog. Running through fog and trying to distinguish objects when it is almost impossible to see a vessel's length away is a heavy strain on the eyes, and the fog, combined with the heat, produces a smarting sensation.—Boston Transcript.

Honesty of the Modern Kind. "And now, my son," said the bank president, "on this the threshold of your business life I desire to impress one thought upon you. Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best." "Yes, father," said the young man. "And, by the way," appended the graybeard, "I would urge you to read up a little corporation law. It will amaze you to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."—Minneapolis Journal.

Collecting a Bad Debt. Bjorks—Say, Bjones, recommend me to your tailor, will you? Bjones—Sure! If you will pay me that \$50 that you owe me first."—Somerville Journal.

Less a woman has to complain about the more she complains.

When a lamp stands in its own light it is time to turn it down.

THE OLD-MONK-CURE



St. Jacobs Oil

has traveled round the world, and everywhere human

Aches and Pains

have welcomed it and blest it for a cure.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Must Be Crazy.

The Hobo—Can't yer help a pore, hungry man, boss. One small plate o' hash a day is all I've had lately.

The Boarder—Well, great guns! How many plates of hash do you want in a day.—Cleveland Leader.

FITS

permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 281 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Behind the Scenes.

Soubrette—I see the star has an imported brindle. What does she call it? Comedian—Sirius.

Soubrette—Why so? Comedian—Because it is the dog star.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900

Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima donna, has signed a six-year contract for a total salary of about half a million of dollars.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Art Note.

Mrs. Syllie—My husband takes a deep interest in art.

Mrs. Older—You surprise me.

Mrs. Syllie—Well, it was a surprise to me. But I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you draw.—Cleveland Leader.

How to Exercise the Bowels

Your Intestines are lined inside with millions of little suckers, that draw the Nutrition out of food as it passes them. But, if the food passes too slowly, it decays before it gets through. Then the little suckers draw Poison from it instead of Nutrition.

This Poison makes a Gas that injures your system more than the food should have nourished it.

You see, the food is Nourishment or Poison, just according to how long it stays in transit.

They do not waste any precious fluid of the Bowels, as Cathartics do.

They do not relax the Intestines by greasing them inside like Castor Oil or Glycerine.

They simply stimulate the Bowel Muscles to do their work naturally, comfortably, and nutritiously.

And, the Exercise these Bowel Muscles are thus forced to take, makes them stronger for the future, just as Exercise makes your arm stronger.



MY CASCARET POCKET

The usual remedy for this delayed passage (called Constipation) is to take a big dose of Castor Oil.

This merely makes slippery the passage for unloading the current cargo.

It does not help the Cause of delay a trifle.

It does slacken the Bowel-Muscles more than ever, and thus weakens them for their next task.


Another remedy is to take a strong Cathartic, like Salts, Calomel, Jalap, Phosphate of Sodium, Aperient Water, or any of these mixed.

What does the Cathartic do?

It merely flushes-out the Bowels with a waste of Digestive Juice, set flowing into the Intestines through the tiny suckers.

But, the Digestive Juice we waste in doing this today is needed for tomorrow's natural Digestion. We cannot afford to lose it.

That's why Cascarets are the only safe medicine for the bowels.



MY WATCH POCKET

Cascarets are as safe to use constantly as they are pleasant to take.

They are purposely put up like candy, so you must eat them slowly and let them go down gradually with the saliva, which is in itself, a fine, natural Digestive.

They are put up purposely in thin, flat, round-cornered Enamel boxes, so they can be carried in a man's vest pocket, or in a woman's purse, all the time, without bulk or trouble.

Price 10c a box at all druggists.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

WET WEATHER COMFORT

"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never have had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one." (NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)

You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats

OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS SIGN OF THE FISH

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CANADA

Tablet to Brave Soldier.

There is a tablet in the sailors' home at Melbourne, Australia, to James Marr. He was a sailor before the mast on the Rip. On July 15, 1873, the Rip was caught in a squall. Marr sat astride of the gaff when a great wave broke over the boat and brought down the mainmast.

There was only one chance to save the Rip. That was to cut away the litter. But Marr clung to the broken spar, and to cut away meant to send him overboard to death. So, looking at him doubtfully, the men hesitated, their axes in their hands. Marr, helpless, powdered. He saw that his death would be the boat's salvation. And he shouted:

"Cut away, mates! Good-by."

Then he let himself fall into life cold, wild sea.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures, hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Distance.

Miss Gursch—I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Hacker; it's a pleasure to know a real litterateur—

Hacker—Which I am not.

Miss Gursch—Indeed! But you write.

Hacker—Yes, but I do it for a living. —Philadelphia Press.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner in the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1896.

A. W. GLASER, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Horse racing in Italy is dead since the introduction of automobile speed contests.

Aquatic birds are more numerous than land birds.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

Reason for Yelling.

She—Why, those men at the Stock Exchange run about, yelling like a lot of crazy men.

He—Well, I guess you'd yell like a crazy man if you paid \$60,000 for a seat and then couldn't sit down.

ALL ABOUT SUCCOTASH.

Famous Dish that Has Been Enjoyed for Centuries by Americans.

Succotash has always been in vogue in New England since the puritans learned the art of mixing corn and beans from the Indians nearly 300 years ago. Many dishes have been invented since then, and most of them have gone out of business, but the popularity of succotash remains.

Succotash, next to Indian pudding, is probably the oldest dish we of Connecticut have in our list of eatables. It was in use among the Indians of Plymouth when the Englishmen landed, and they had probably eaten it for hundreds of years before that time.

In this section it was also the principal article of food for the Connecticut Indians during the summer months and fall, and is said to have been the creation at some remote period of the Narragansett Indians of Rhode Island.

They called it "Mseikquatash," and from that word has come the word succotash. When the puritans landed in New England they soon learned how to prepare the food of corn and beans from the aborigines, and they liked the mixture.

An old lady of Plymouth, who has made it for half a century, says the Plymouth brand of succotash has corned beef, turnips and chicken in it. The mystery of how to prepare this mixture is said to be one of the heirlooms passed down from generation to generation. We Connecticut people who are used to the plain corn and beans, with a little pork, are slow to embrace the Massachusetts rendering of the succotash recipe.

In the old taverns of our grandfathers' day succotash was frequently served as the only dish at dinner.

In the year 1780, just after the main road through Guilford had been made a part of the great stage route between Boston and New York, the Marquis de Lafayette entered the quiet village on his way from New York to Newport. He put up over night at "Squire Brown's" tavern, on the west side of Guilford Green, or common, where the national bank now stands. Brown wanted to treat the famous Frenchman as well as possible and served him with succotash for supper. The marquis ate heartily of the dish, complimented the squire on the perfect blend of the corn and beans, and departed on his way to Newport.

Many years after, when the marquis met Charles Jared Ingersoll of New Haven, who was attached to the French embassy, in Paris, he recalled the supper of succotash he had in Guilford at "Squire Brown's" tavern. The marquis again visited Guilford in 1824 and stopped at Miner Bradley's tavern, but whether he had succotash or not isn't mentioned.—Hartford Courant.

Food for Thought.

"I trust, Miss Cutting," remarked young Borem, as he rose to depart after a prolonged stay, "that I have not taken up too much of your valuable time."

"Not at all, Mr. Borem," replied the fair damsel. "The time you have taken up has been of no value to me whatever, I assure you."

"Then he went forth into the night, and wandered homeward, wrapped in a heavy mantle of thought.—Chicago Journal.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Represent the survival of the fittest. We have become the largest seed house in the world because our seeds are better than others. Do you wish to grow the most beautiful flowers and the finest vegetables? Plant the best seeds—Ferry's.

1000 Seed Annual free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

S. F. N. U. No. 3, 1906

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CHIEF WHOLESALE AGENTS: Best Cough Syrup, Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

Economy

Is a strong point with Hood's Sarsaparilla. A bottle lasts longer and does more good than any other. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Playing Safe.

Lawyer—Old Skinner is certainly a suspicious chap.

Doctor—What's the explanation?

Lawyer—I did a small favor for him one day last week, and when he asked what I charged and I told him there would be no charge, what do you suppose he did?

Doctor—Gave it up.

Lawyer—He thanked me and asked me to put it in writing.

The Race Question

Is a problem that has puzzled the profoundest minds for many years. The best thing for the human race to do is to eat Pillsbury's Vitos for breakfast.

Napoleon, Essayist.

When Napoleon was a youth he gained the prize offered by the Lyons Academy for the best paper in answer to the question, "What are the truths and principles that ought to be inculcated on men that they may enjoy happiness?" For this paper he gained a gold medal, which he afterwards sold for fifty louis, and long afterwards, laughingly told Talleyrand the story. Some days afterwards Talleyrand handed him the identical prize essay. Napoleon took it from him. "Have you read it?" he inquired sharply. "No, sire, I have just received it." Without another word the emperor pitched it into the fire. Talleyrand turned red with anger on seeing his pains thus rewarded. But Napoleon explained: "I did not wish any one to see the paper written when I was young; it might have exposed me to ridicule when I was emperor." What would that essay fetch at Christie's now?

It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, and heals. Sold for 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been a regular life preserver to me. It brought me through a severe attack of pneumonia, and I feel that I owe my life to its wonderful curative properties."—WILLIAM H. TRUITT, Wawa, Pa.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SASSAPARILLA, PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

THE ONLY ONE

There is only One Genuine-Syrup of Figs,

The Genuine is Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co., is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine-Syrup of Figs- is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

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MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

Birth of a Flower.

Years and years ago and ever so many years before there lived far away in a lovely country a youth who was the most beautiful man in the world. His name was Narcissus, and he had a sister as beautiful as himself, whom he loved very dearly. Narcissus often used to go hunting in the woods with his sister. Each of them knew that the other one was very beautiful, but they did not know the same about themselves. You see, they had no looking glasses in those days—at least only the mermaids had them, and they never lent them to any one else. One day the girl died, and poor Narcissus was very unhappy, and after that he had to go hunting by himself. Once when he was thirsty he came to a stream and was just bending down to drink when he saw his own face in the water. He had never seen it before and thought it was the face of his dear sister. So he tried to catch hold of her, but could not. When he had tried for a long time he was so disappointed that he killed himself. Then the fairies came in the night to bury him, but they only found a pretty white flower, which is still called narcissus.

Foundation of Mark Twain's Fortune

Mark Twain says that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first and experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean Howells on one occasion the subject of literature vicissitudes was broached by the humorist.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed. "But I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel I kept it, and so became rich."

It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, and heals. Sold for 60 years.

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PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

RHEUMATISM

BODY RACKED WITH PAIN

No other bodily suffering is equal to that produced by the pain of Rheumatism. When the poisons and acids, which cause this disease, become entrenched in the blood there is hardly any part of the body that is not affected. The muscles become sore and drawn, the nerves twitch and sting, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache, every movement is one of agony, and the entire body is racked with pain. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, stomach troubles, torpid Liver, weak Kidneys and a general inactive state of the system. The refuse matter instead of passing off through nature's avenues is left to sour and form uric acid, and other acrid poisons which are absorbed into the blood. Rheumatism does not affect all alike. In some cases it takes a wandering form; it may be in the arms or legs one day and in the shoulders, feet, hands, back or other parts of the body the next. Others suffer more seriously, and are never free from pain. The uric acid and other irritating substances find lodgement in the muscles and joints and as these deposits increase the muscles become stiff and the joints locked and immovable. It matters not in what form the disease may be the cause is always the same—a sour, acid condition of the blood. This vital stream has lost its purity and freshness, and instead of nourishing and feeding the different parts with health-giving properties, it fills them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently. While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Trouble Ahead.



Mrs. Whyte—I heah dat Bill is makin' a lot o' money.

Mr. Black—Yass, but I fink he'll hab trouble passin' it.

"So you're going to accept George," interrogated the old lady in the gold-rimmed glasses.

"Yes, mamma," replied the girl who had ambitions to become a poetess, "and I think he is just lovely."

"Ah, and is he a good provider?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, he has promised to provide me with postage."

Hateful.

Patience—Met the loveliest man at the party last night.

Patrice—Indeed!

"Yes."

"Light hair?"

"Yes."

"Light eyes?"

"Of course."

"Light skin?"

"Certainly."

"And light pocketbook, no doubt."

Avoid colds by drinking Kentucky Favorite Whiskey. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

Auctioned Off.

"Every man has his price."

"Oh, I don't know."

"I suppose you haven't, eh?"

"Well, I thought I had, but when I demanded it I was knocked down for nothing."—Cleveland Leader.

Take your meals regularly. Take your rest regularly. Take "Old Gilt Edge" regularly and you can see the world with approving eyes—and it will approve of you.

Got It.

Mr. Jawback—O, very well, very well! You'll always have the last word, won't you?

Mrs. Jawback—How am I to know that you have nothing more to say?—Cleveland Leader.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of fully **TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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